

# ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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## Orleans County Monitor,

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**BAKING POWDER**  
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than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in  
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I would advise any one, before purchasing an organ  
to give the Wilcox & White a thorough examination.  
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to guarantee any experienced sewer (male or female)

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### Just the Same.

The girls are planning to get a beau;  
They dress for party, ball and show;  
And the old folks tell us it wasn't so;  
When they were young and used to go.  
But the difference is really not more now  
Than a little change in the style of dress;  
And human nature itself, you see,  
Is just the same as it used to be.

After the verse and prayer were said,  
The old folks sent the boys to bed;  
And they lie as still as though they were dead,  
Till daddy goes off to his dreams instead.  
Then down the back stairs so sly and slow,  
The boys on tiptoe noiselessly go;  
And the old man laughs in the morning to see  
It's just the same as it used to be.

The good old maids are waiting yet;  
Over love-affairs they fret and fret;  
The girls they never saw such a set;  
Every one is a silly coquette.  
But if backward something like forty years  
They would carry their middie-me eyes and ears,  
In fire and smoke of their own they'd see  
It's just the same as it used to be.

Of course, for the aged 'tis right to hold  
The years they were happy the best that rolled;  
But the truth is plain and ought to be told,  
That the world grows better in growing old.  
And only love, in its show and flame,  
Is ever changing, and yet the same--  
Freaks of fashion and change you see,  
But it's just the same as it used to be.

### Unanimous Tastes.

"We all like sheep," the tenor thrill  
Began, and then the church is still;  
While back and forth across the aisle  
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the alto sang,  
In low and rich and mellow tone;  
While broader grows the merry grin,  
And nose gets further off from chin.

"We all like sheep," the soprano sang,  
Till all the echoes waver and ring.  
The young folks titter, and the rest  
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the basses growl.  
The titter grows to a howl;  
And even the deacon's face is graced  
With wonder at the singers' taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,  
And then, to make the meaning plain,  
The singers all together say  
"We all like sheep, have gone astray."

A Texas steer--go there and grow up  
With the country.

Women are sextons in churches in Berlin.  
Fair sextons of course.

Bucket shop dealers in Syracuse, N. Y.,  
Have failed because they are without the  
pale of credit.

If the world, as it is said, owes every-  
body a living, the world ought to get a  
mortgage on itself to pay its debts.

Professor, to student--"What import-  
ant change came over Burns in the latter  
part of his life?" Student--"He died."

Out in Michigan a man was fined fifteen  
dollars for hitting an editor. If he had  
killed him he would probably have been  
as much as twenty-five dollars.

"I consider him a bold arrogant man,"  
said a man. "I know he is now, but he won't be  
very long." And why not, I should like  
to know? "He is to be married next week."

The Sandwich Islands are for sale for  
\$14,500,000. The property consists of  
two sugar houses, one extinct volcano  
and 700 cases of leprosy, all in middling  
repair.

"I can give you a cold bite," said the  
woman. "Why not warm it up?" asked  
the tramp. "There ain't any wood sawed."  
"That so? Well, give it to me cold then."

One lady said to another: "Have you  
been to church to-day? We had a most  
beautiful sermon on training children."  
"No, I was at home, doing it," was the  
reply.

A poor young man and his young wife  
get along very well with their economy  
until the dry goods stores begin to spread  
all over the newspapers. Then there's a break.

A Norristown woman mistook the chess  
diagrams in a New York daily paper for a  
crazy-quilt pattern, and has built one of  
those horrors therefrom which is the envy  
of all her lady friends.

What's the use of closing the saloons  
on Sunday? The police won't go to church  
anyhow. If the saloons are open on Sun-  
day, the people know right where to go  
when they want a policeman.

He was a persistent little boy, whose  
mother thought he was too young to wear  
trousers, that said, "he would be willing  
to go without pockets if he only could  
wear something that had legs."

An enthusiastic Western Texas sheep  
man writes: "We are perfectly free from  
scab, and expect to do a big business,"  
he does not state whether he intends to  
shear himself this season or not.

"Now," said a New York photographer,  
chuckling the gloomy man under the chin,  
"try and look as if you were sure your  
candidate would be elected." "It's no  
use to try and do that. I've bet my money  
on Davenport."

"A man in New York lives without  
lungs, and the doctors are very much  
puzzled." "Pshaw! Having no lungs he  
can't draw his last breath, and until a  
man breathes his last breath he is bound  
to live. Give us a hard one."

"What is the first thing you would  
do, Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?"  
asked Smith, who had been reading  
an article on the treatment of stings.  
"Howl," replied Jones, solemnly. And  
the conversation abruptly ended.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked  
a celebrated preacher. Well, there are  
many origins. A call to come up and have  
a drink will bring fifty men to their feet  
in a second, and a spider down a girl's  
back is the origin of some of the liveliest  
motion the world ever saw.

"I'm a poor, husbandless woman," she  
wailed at the door of the Widow's Home,  
and was taken in and cared for overnight.  
The next morning the matron called her  
into the office. "You have no husband?"  
she inquired tenderly. "No, madam,"  
was the reply, in a tear-stained voice.  
"When did you lose him?" "Last week."  
"Only so recently? How sad! What was  
the matter?" "He was poor, and wanted  
me to live in two rooms on a back street,  
and I refused him." "Then you are not  
a widow?" said the matron indignantly.  
"No, madam; only a poor, husbandless  
woman, an old maid, if you wish to call  
it by so harsh a name." The matron  
bounced her out in five bounces down the  
stairs.

**EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.**  
Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity  
of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr.  
J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn  
in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was  
dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's  
New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he  
bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's  
New Discovery. By the time he had taken two boxes  
of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well  
and had gained five thirty-six pounds.  
Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consump-  
tion free at H. C. Pierce's.

Old Mrs. Harrington understood it  
all very well. She had been young  
once. She saw the folly of interference  
in this particular case, however.

"Dan's wife likes her own way,"  
said she. "She ain't pleasant if she  
thinks any one is meddlin'." I'll tell

### Waiting and Winning.

It don't matter so much now,  
grandma," said Aileen, drying the  
tears that had sparkled on her cheeks  
like dewdrops on a rose. "Of course  
it is very silly for me to cry, but I  
couldn't help it at first."

"But what is the matter, my pet,"  
said old Mrs. Harrington, soothing-  
ly.

She had found Aileen coiled up in  
the deep embrasure of the window  
where the winter sunset was strained  
through in deep hues of crimson and  
amber, crying bitterly.

The Harrington family were ambi-  
tious people. They had come to Vir-  
ginia and purchased, at a merely  
nominal price, the fine old mansion  
that had once belonged to a luxurious  
planter, long since dead. Mr. Har-  
rington who had been contented to  
raise humble corn and pumpkins in  
the valley of the Connecticut River,  
now devoted himself to the more ar-  
tistic crop of tobacco.

Mrs. Harrington, who had been a  
notable yankee housekeeper, hired  
two negro women to do the house-  
work, and cultivated society; and  
the three Misses Harrington forgot  
the days of factory work and honest  
district school teaching in the gen-  
tilities of "Valley Lawn."

The old lady alone remained true  
to her colors.

"All this is very fine," said she,  
"but I don't see what is to be gained  
by it. Dan! losin' money, as true  
as you're born!"

"Money isn't everything, grand-  
ma," said her daughter-in-law, tart-  
ly.

"Humph!" said the old lady.

And when Aileen, the orphan  
cousin came down from the New En-  
land hills, grandma was the only one  
who really welcomed her.

"There are three of us already,"  
said Selina Harrington, grudgingly.

"Why couldn't she have been a  
boy, so as to help pa with the plan-  
tation?" said Norma.

"What do we want of any more  
girls?" sighed Juanita, whose bap-  
tismal name had been Judith.

"Ain't no use growlin' about it,"  
said "Pa," who could not be made  
an elegant gentleman, let the family  
varnish and veneer as they please.

"Here she is, and here she's got to  
stay. I don't want her no more'n  
you do; but she ain't got no friends  
to go to, so what you goin' to do  
about it?"

Aileen was pretty too, in her shy,  
wild-daisy way, with big blue-black  
eyes, reddish-brown hair, and a rich  
Tennessee complexion. The Misses  
Harrington were not pretty. This  
was another objection, although it  
was generally discussed, and Aileen  
soon knew by instinct, that the old  
grandmother was her only friend in  
all the big, dreary house.

The third matter of offense cropped  
out on All Hallows' Eve, when Aileen  
went out into the woods to gather  
hickory nuts to burn in the fireside  
blaze.

Perhaps it was not her fault that  
Mr. Doller's vicious bull jumped  
through the tumble-down fence and  
frightened her nearly out of her wits;  
and she was doubtless not personally  
responsible for the fact that Dulaney  
chanced to be passing, and rescued  
her from the big-horned enemy with  
prompt gallantry.

"He was so very kind!" said Ai-  
leen, wistfully. "Do you think, grand-  
ma, that I ought to tell my aunt  
and the girls that he walks with me  
when I go to the post-office? or that  
he gave me them beautiful, deep-  
blue asters that they thought I  
discovered the big bunch of mistle-  
toe in Greenough's woods?"

"Well, not unless they ask you?"  
said old Mrs. Harrington, shrugging  
her shoulders.

For she had heard her three grand-  
daughters discussing the Dulaney  
question with some acrimony.

"I'm the eldest," Selina had said,  
tartly, "and I ought to have the first  
chance. If any of us is to call with  
ma at Dulaney Beech's, it shall be me!"

"You always were a selfish thing!"  
said Norma. "Captain Dulaney's  
mother has a large library, and you  
know very well that I'm literary."

"I'm the youngest, and I don't see  
why I should be poked into a corner  
always," pouted Juanita--Judith.

But Selina by strength of years  
and tongue, had carried her point.

So when New Year's day ap-  
proached, and Aileen consulted Mrs.  
Harrington as to what she should  
wear, that matron opened her large,  
light eyes with counterfeit amaze-  
ment.

"You, child?" said she. "Why  
you are not to come at all! The girls  
don't want a whole drove in the par-  
lor. Three women are quite enough,  
and you're so young, you know."

"I'm seventeen, aunt!" faltered  
Aileen.

"Two or three years hence will do  
very well for you," said the relent-  
less elder. "Try and put such silly  
notions out of your head!"

And this was why Aileen was  
crying.

Old Mrs. Harrington understood it  
all very well. She had been young  
once. She saw the folly of interference  
in this particular case, however.

"Dan's wife likes her own way,"  
said she. "She ain't pleasant if she  
thinks any one is meddlin'." I'll tell

what Aileen--you and I will go out  
to the big chamber over the stin  
barn, and get Pomp to build us up a  
real good fire of pine logs in the old  
chimney. There is a carpet loom  
there and a spinning-wheel and all  
the fixin's and I'll show you how I  
used to spin flax when I was a gal,  
and weave rag carpet.

"Will you?" said Aileen brighten-  
ing up. "Oh, grandma, how very  
kind you are! and can I roast chest-  
nuts and apples in the ashes?--and  
will you tell me about your sailor  
lover that was drowned before you  
ever saw my Grandfather Harring-  
ton?"

"Yes," said the old lady--"yes!  
We'll have our New Year's by our-  
selves--me and you, child."

So Aileen put away the pretty, lit-  
tle, blue merino gown that she had  
retained for New Year's day, and  
donned instead the brown Merrimac  
calico that made her look like a robin  
rebreast; and just about the time  
that her three cousins were quarrel-  
ing for the possession of the biggest  
dressing-glass to do their hair, she  
and her grandmother were adjusting  
the ancient spinning-wheel in the  
stone-barn chamber, and piling wood  
in the cavernous recess of the huge  
fireplace.

They had a very pleasant New  
Year's day, after all, though the  
tears came to Aileen's blue eyes once  
or twice, when the carriages rolled  
by over the hard frozen road toward  
the house.

And at dusk she lighted the cheer-  
ful candles, and sat down to prepare  
grandma's supper with fresh corn-  
cakes baked in the hot embers, ac-  
cording to the receipt of aunt Felicia,  
the colored cook, fragrant coffee,  
and sweet apples roasted and eaten  
with cream.

But Captain Dulaney, riding his  
Morgan horse, Hutspur, through the  
pine-woods, drew rein close by the  
old stone barn, whence he had not  
seen the red lights beaming out for  
ten years.

"What can it be?" he asked him-  
self.

"We children used to play at ghost  
up there of an autumn evening, when  
the Valdimir family lived there. Or  
perhaps the careless servants have  
set something on fire."

He jumped off his horse, flung the  
reins over a projecting pine-branch,  
and went in to see what the meaning  
of this unwonted illumination might  
be.

The door stood wide open--the  
whole room was aglow with a warm  
ruddy light. Grandma, enthroned  
in a big splint chair before the fire,  
was drinking her coffee, and Aileen  
sat spinning at the old wheel, with  
cheeks softly reddened and blue eyes  
sparkling--a very picture of health  
and beauty.

Both started at the sudden appar-  
ition of the captain on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon!" said cap-  
tain Dulaney, lifting his hat. "I saw  
the light shining out, and I was  
afraid so something had happened."

"Something has happened," said  
Aileen, laughingly. "I have learned to  
spin. And grandma and I are hav-  
ing a picnic. Will you come in, Cap-  
tain Dulaney?"

"Well, since your coffee smells so  
good, I think I will," said the gal-  
lant young officer.

His cup--which for lack of more  
of expensive china happened to be a  
mug--was scarcely poured out, be-  
fore their numbers were augmented  
by Mr. Ferraris and young Doctor  
Fenchurch, who had seen the lights,  
and had also observed "Hutspur"  
fastened to the fence.

"May we venture to intrude?"  
said they, peeping in over the stair-  
rail.

"Oh, certainly!" said grandma,  
smiling.

And Aileen distributed handless  
cups and bountiful slices of golden-  
brown corn-cake, yet steaming from  
the fire, to her guests.

"We are hardly prepared to enter-  
tain so large a company," said she,  
composedly; but we can, at all events  
give you a sincere welcome."

Two--three--half a dozen more  
dropped in. Old Pomp was summon-  
ed to pour fresh pine-cones on the  
blaze and bring more coffee and corn-  
cake.

He grinned from ear to ear.

"Pow! full like the good old times,"  
said he to Aunt Felicia, when he re-  
turned to his cabin. "De berry cream  
ob de gentry enjoyin' de corn-bones  
an' coffee like dey was our own old  
marse's folks. Ain't nuffin' like  
corn-bone for rare good flavor, dat  
they ain't. An' de pretty young  
lady from de Norf, she's as pretty  
as a peach. Reckon de captain finks  
so, too. He, he, he!"

And Old Pomp shook his sides  
with an inaudible chuckle of glee.

Later in the evening the gentle-  
man went up to the house, where  
stood the three Misses Harrington in  
a smirking row.

But their call there was insipid,  
and several of them returned to the Stone-  
barn to finish their evening.

Adrian Dulaney remained the latest  
of all--so late, in fact, that it was  
he who escorted grandma, who had  
discreetly fallen asleep in her big  
chair some time ago--and Aileen to  
the house, under whispering pine-  
boughs, by the light of the big round  
moon.

The three cousins, whose list of  
calls had long since ended, were

yawning in the parlor.

"Dear me!" cried Selina, as the  
little group came in. "Where have  
you been all day, Aileen?"

"In the old stone-barn chamber,  
learning to spin," said Aileen, laugh-  
ing and coloring.

Juanita looked sharply at her.  
What change had subtly crept over  
her voice and manner? Then she  
looked at Captain Adrian's bright  
face.

"Take good care of her," said the  
young officer, tenderly removing the  
heavy shawl from Aileen's shoulders.

"She has promised to be my wife be-  
fore a great many weeks."

It was not until Dulaney had gone  
that the full cannonade of questions  
burst on Aileen's devoted head.

"Girls, girls, don't all speak at  
once," said grandma. "It's just ex-  
actly as I've told you. The right  
one will be sure to come along if you  
sit in the chimney-corner and wait.  
And that was just what Aileen was  
doing this evening."

And that night, when the frost-  
white stars of midnight climbed the  
sky, Aileen whispered:

"Good-bye, sweet New Year's  
Day--the happiest I have ever  
known!"--Exchange.

### HAPPY NANCY--THE TRUE SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown  
cottage, so small that it looked like a  
chicken-coop, a solitary old woman.  
She tended a little garden, and knit  
and spun for a living. She was  
known everywhere in the village by  
the cognomen of happy Nancy. She  
had no money, no family, no relation;  
she was half-blind, quite lame and  
very crooked. There was no com-  
eliness in her, and yet there, in that  
homely, deformed body, the great  
God, who loves to bring strength out  
of weakness, had set His royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?"  
would the chance visitor say as he  
lounged at the door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I  
don't know what people will think,"  
she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they al-  
ways do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact. I'm  
just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret.  
Nancy, you are all alone, you work  
hard, you have nothing pleasant  
around you--what is the reason you  
are so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got  
anybody but God," replied the good  
creature looking up. "You see, rich  
folks like you depend upon their fa-  
milies and their houses; they've got to  
keep thinking of their business, and  
their wives and children, and then  
they are always mighty afraid of  
troubles ahead. I ain't got anything  
to trouble myself about, you see,  
cause I